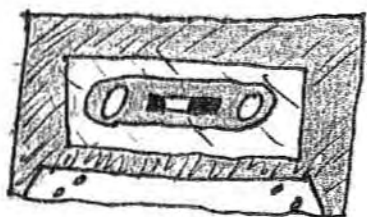


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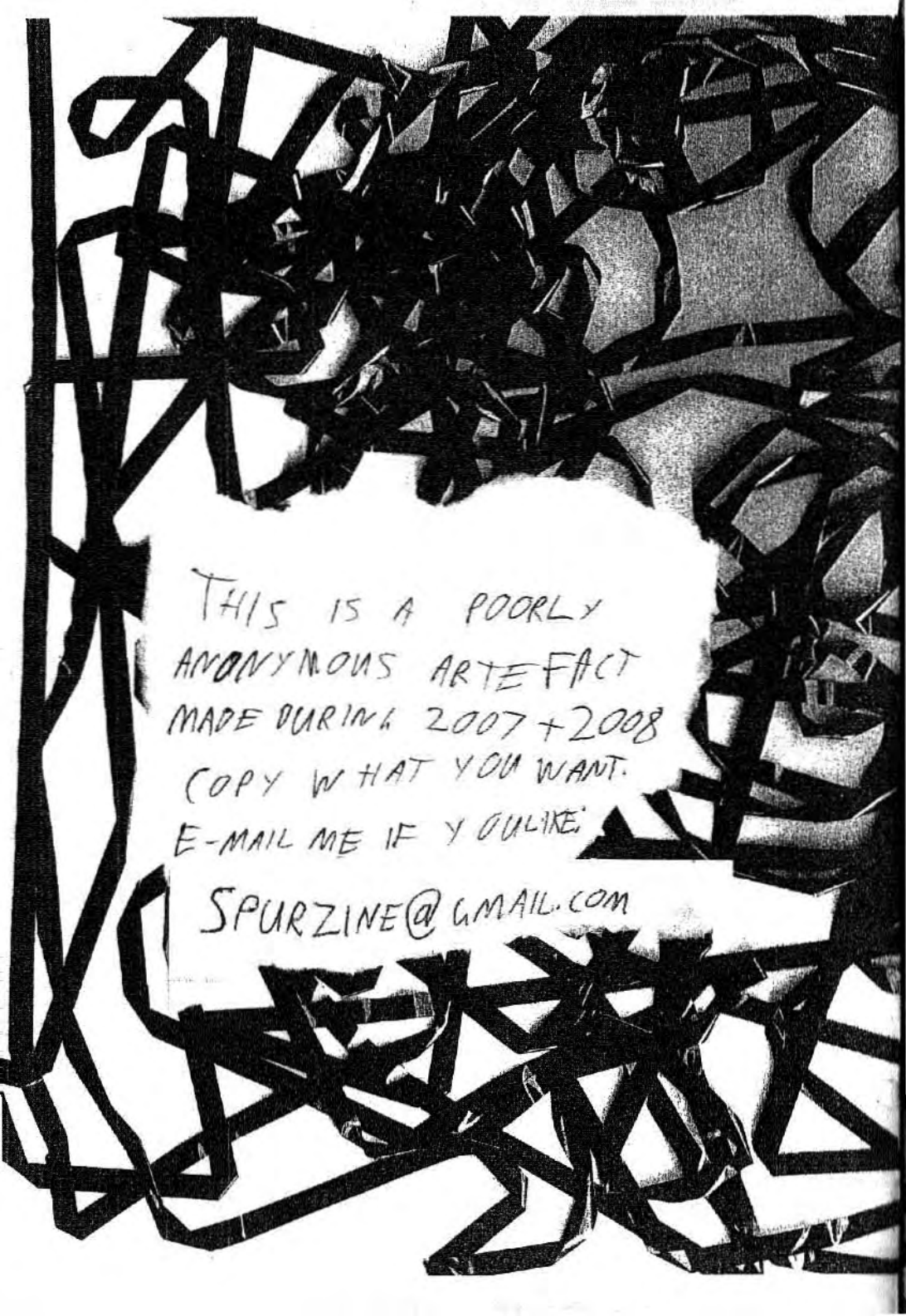


A MIX-TAPE ZINE

It's A TAPE, NOT A TRANSFORMER!

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO
THE ANALOG LOYALISTS,
FUCK DIGITAL

(... BY A TRANSVESTITE WHO'S
RUNNING OUT OF USES FOR
NAIL-POLISH... SO HE USES HIS
DRIED COLOURS TO PAINT THE
TITLE... AS HIS NAKED NAILS "ROW LONGER...")



THIS IS A POORLY
ANONYMOUS ARTEFACT
MADE DURING 2007+2008
COPY WHAT YOU WANT.
E-MAIL ME IF YOU LIKE.

SPURZINE@GMAIL.COM

OVER THE SPOOLS AND FAR AWAY pt.1
or EXACTLY WHICH FAGGOT WERE YOU REFERRING TO, MARK?

Dire Straits were one of the first bands to really plunge onto the new CD market. And, in perhaps unknowingly singing to the upper middle-class, something about their expectations of the new technology and the lavish layers of the Straits, formed something of a warm stew. Not broth - stew. This demographic, rich enough to stretch their A/V expenses to the next big thing, liked things polished and accessible, and the Straits gave 'em that. No, don't even bother releasing 45rpm LPs, just put it on a CD and the range will do the rest. The thing was, unlike with classical music, the Straits filled that range. They also produced one of the worst schoolyard heckles the New Romantics were likely to cop in such a vocal way.

Mark Knopfler sang 'look at that little faggot with his earring and his make-up on' in Money For Nothing with all the snide sincerity and complexity of a teddy boy. The song, mostly, was about MTV, and how Mark saw it destroying music. That was a more noble jab - consumerism in music - but to let slip such a queerphobic jibe in what could have been a more respectable critique of the music industry is beyond callous, and deserves satisfaction. Yeah, sure, rip into the guys in make up. Lord knows they don't get enough shit, right? You fucker. If this aint a reason to go with Steve Albini in the war against digital, I don't know what is. In fact, I don't know much.

I just fucking hate Mark Knopfler. I was brought up on him. My love for 4AD's lush soundscapes no doubt had roots in the quiet beauty of the Local Hero soundtrack and songs such as Ride Across The River and Telegraph Road. There wasn't much else in my musical upbringing that I truly appreciated at the time as much as the Straits. That stuck for quite some time. Then I came out as a transvestite, identified as bi for the better part of a decade, and... well, it's hard for things of old not to stick out as much as that.

Friends of mine had Pink Floyd, Black Sabbath, Nick Cave, and The Sisters Of Mercy in their education.

I had a fucking naïve homophobe who helped kill vinyl. Fuck.

(29/9/06)
S HAD TAPE: /SIDE A/

- 1/ COLOURBOX - SLEEPWALKER
- 2/ THE SINKING CITIZENSHIP - MARK
- 3/ CROW - A BROKEN MACHINE
- 4/ LANTO WARE - BLUE SKY
- 5/ TEEN GOD - YOU WROTE A SONG ABOUT ME
- 6/ EFFIKY - SUSPICIAN BELLS (LIVE)
- 7/ REVELATION - CHASE THE DRAGON
- 8/ ANGLER - SEDUCTION OF AN OLD FLAME
- 9/ GHINZA - HIGH VOLTAGE QUEEN (THE REIGN OF)
- 10/ TARNATION - YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
- 11/ NO THROUGH ROAD - CLASS DISMISSED (BEAUTIFUL WORLD)
- 12/ THE DRIVER'S EYES - WRECK #2

TDK

IEC I/TYPE I
NORMAL POSITION
Normal Bias 120ms/EC

B

A SELECTION OF SONGS

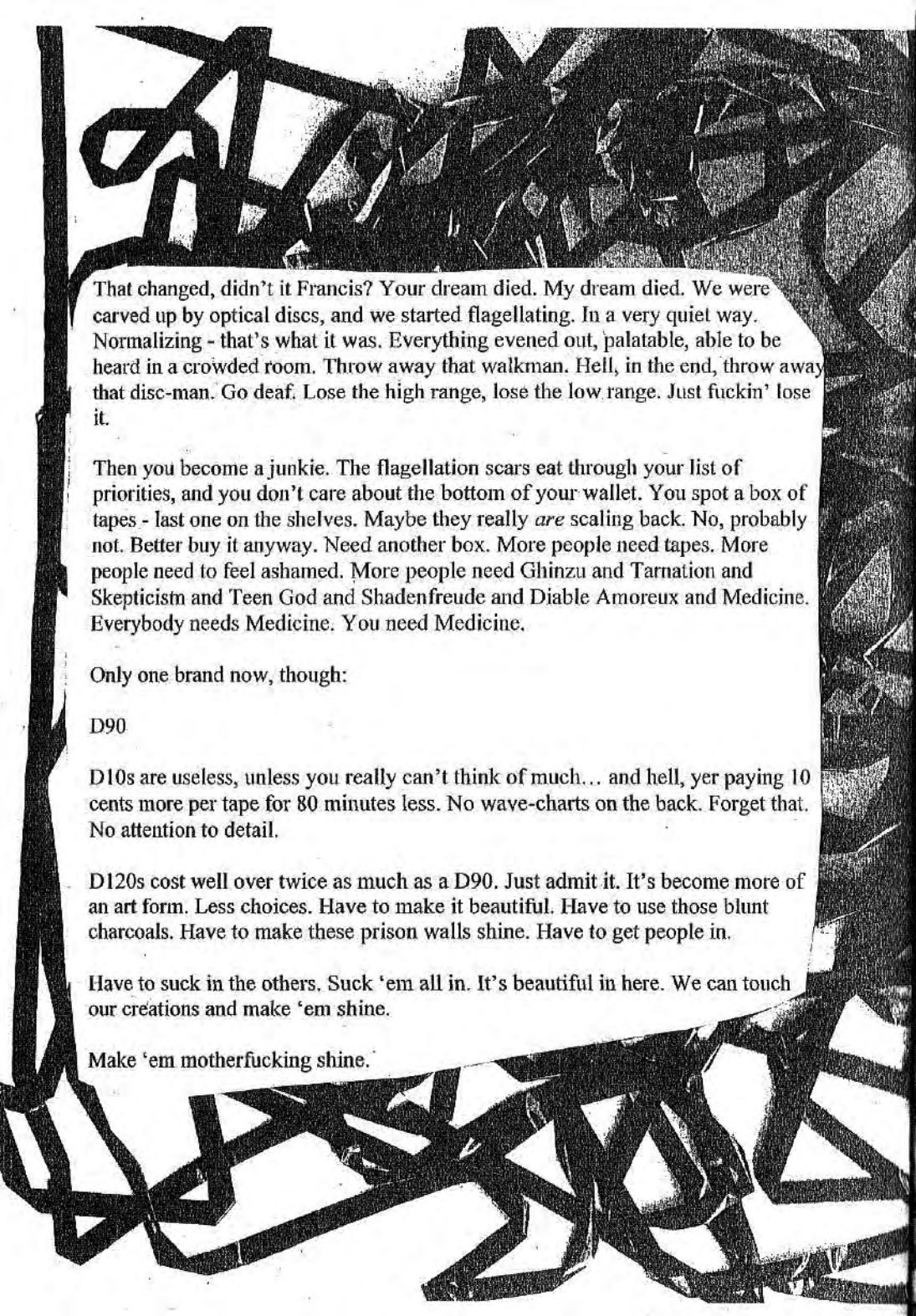
THE DEATH OF CHOICE

Anywhere above a decade ago, if you walked into a music store and stared behind the counter, you'd see a huge wall of blank tapes. Some of them would be video tapes - the highly-regarded, yet weak 300 minutes glowing with their price tags from the top shelf - and some of them would be... video tapes; smaller ones, for small video cameras. Then the rest were audio. There was heaps of choice, too. Actually, that's the whole point - there was so much fucking choice. If you were recording off AM (or SW or LW, etc), there was a type. Classical records, another type. You had to know what you were doing; you had to think about your mix. You couldn't go from radio to Wagner... not really, anyway. So much thought. They all had their different codes, too. SA, MX, LX. And they had to sell their approach. So many wave-charts on the back, espousing their awesomeness. Awesomeness, people! And did I hear you think 120? Think 110. Oh yeah. Don't feel like padding out that fucker to 120 just to eliminate blank space at the end of the tape?...

MIX-TAPE FAUX-PAS #1: Never leave a sizable gap at the end of the tape! What the hell were you thinking? You make a tape for someone, and, well, OF COURSE you want it to be tight, right? What?!? You're making ART you rotten bastard! Oh, and you think I don't know about white space? That's what those damn gaps between the songs are for... duh. You have to give it thought. You have to be anal. Never neglect the fruits of your anus with a mix-tape.

... Well, get a 110 instead. Just, ya know, remember it's a 110, lest... oh dear. Cardinal rule, Francis.

MIX-TAPE FAUX-PAS #0: Never finish a side with a half-finished song! Jeez!! Do I have to point it out? It's like a fetid middle-back zit, only it'll never heal. Unless, well, you rub 'n rub 'n make a FRESH START OF IT. You ARSE. People notice these things. Think MMORPGs cause relationship breakdowns? Try badly timed mix-tapes. Might be forgiveable in the last 10 or so seconds of a Godspeed fade-out. Just don't tell 'em, alright? Gotta punch an ipod now... course, that never really changes.



That changed, didn't it Francis? Your dream died. My dream died. We were carved up by optical discs, and we started flagellating. In a very quiet way. Normalizing - that's what it was. Everything evened out, palatable, able to be heard in a crowded room. Throw away that walkman. Hell, in the end, throw away that disc-man. Go deaf. Lose the high range, lose the low range. Just fuckin' lose it.

Then you become a junkie. The flagellation scars eat through your list of priorities, and you don't care about the bottom of your wallet. You spot a box of tapes - last one on the shelves. Maybe they really *are* scaling back. No, probably not. Better buy it anyway. Need another box. More people need tapes. More people need to feel ashamed. More people need Ghinzu and Tarnation and Skepticism and Teen God and Shadenfreude and Diable Amoureux and Medicine. Everybody needs Medicine. You need Medicine.

Only one brand now, though:

D90

D10s are useless, unless you really can't think of much... and hell, yer paying 10 cents more per tape for 80 minutes less. No wave-charts on the back. Forget that. No attention to detail.

D120s cost well over twice as much as a D90. Just admit it. It's become more of an art form. Less choices. Have to make it beautiful. Have to use those blunt charcoals. Have to make these prison walls shine. Have to get people in.

Have to suck in the others. Suck 'em all in. It's beautiful in here. We can touch our creations and make 'em shine.

Make 'em motherfucking shine.

SHAD COMO...

/SIDE B/

- 1/THEFOOTS - DECEMBER
- 2/SIR-SUNNY SAFARI
- 3/LAURA-WE ARE MAKING YOUR DREAMS
- 4/JOYLESS-CLOSE TO GOD
- 5/NINEHORSES-WONDERFUL WORLD
- 6/JUTE-VOW
- 7/UKYO-E - ANJOUAN
- 8/12 ROUNDS - MUK
- 9/PETER DAVISON-AFTER MY
GREAT AUNT DIED
- 10/ANATHEMA-JUDGEMENT
- 11/WHORE-THE OPTIMIST
- 12/DEATH IN JUNE-GIDDY GIDDY
CAROUSEL

ATYPEI
NORMAL POSITION
and Bias 120/450

B. To keep the sweet home in Bay

Thursday 27th March 2008

Dear Ollie,

I did promise you liner notes, didn't I? Or did you ask for them? Either way, here's some quick thoughts about the bands I'm thrusting on you. I tried to get a mix of essential oldies, newbies, and well... I think it's all essential, even if only by chance. Here goes:

SIDE A

1/ *Joel Saunders - Death from above*

Joel's a Brisbane solo glitch-pop (best tag I can think of) artist from Brisbane who I saw twice in the space of a week, the second time at a small house near my place called the Noisy Cheesecake Warehouse. There, he got into such a trance he didn't notice the choreographed dancing behind him and bottles he was smashing with his feet. And the music's so antisocially noisy, yet still pop. Awesome.

2/ *Lightning Bolt - 2morro morro land*

This track was the opener for the film *Ex Drummer* that I saw at MIFF last year (probably the most offensive movie I saw all year). It's just two guys and piles of Noise Rock. The drummer does all the vocals wearing a Mexican wrestling mask, while the guitarist uses a modified bass guitar that has the top two strings replaced with banjo strings.

3/ *Swans - Weakling*

Post-industrial Noise Rock that influenced tons of industrial, doom, goth, experimental, etc, etc, etc's. This is from their first album, *Filth*. They often got so noisy at concerts that people threw up. Lots of banging metal (literally) on stage, too. More than one bass player at times too, I think.

4/ *Ultravox - Dislocation*

Brilliant New Romantic pop-rock, this track showing their dystopian edge more clearly than the rest of this 1979 gem of an album, *Systems of Romance*. Pete and I were talking of this group on Confest, I think.

5/ *The Human League - Almost medieval*

I love hearing what it sounded like before bands really knew what to do with drum machines, and the early years of this soon embarrassingly pop band (though

I still listen to those stages, sporadically) are brilliant examples of that. Mad carny death disco - woo!

6/ *Cabaret Voltaire - Expect nothing*

Seminal Industrial pioneers. It's odd to think that they became the 80s dance movement, but I try and ignore that. This album, their first - *Mix-up* - is pure catchy atonal gold.

7/ *A Frames - Black forest III*

Tapping the CabVolt artery better than any other band I've heard, this band might well have missed me completely if I hadn't spotted it in a "Everything must go for no more than \$2!" sale a couple of months ago. It's great when Noise Rock has a sense of humour. It's even better when Industrial does (ala: Throbbing Gristle), but that's another rant altogether.

8/ *Big Black - Big penny*

They never considered themselves anymore than a Punk band, but then again, the *Sex Pistols* never thought themselves any more than a Rock band. Go figure. These guys invented Industrial Rock, way back in the early eighties. Bass, guitar, offensive shouty vocals, and intense programmed drums.

9/ *The Sinking Citizenship - The blank song*

Lived with the vocalist for a while - he owed me some rent money, so we made a deal and I got paid in an entire back catalogue instead. I was such a fanboy for these guys - brilliant local Noise Rock with a bit of post-punk in there too. Tight, loud, and catchy. God, I'm sounding like a bigger wanker every word.

10/ *Institut - New armour*

Part of the brilliant milieu attached to Sweden's *Cold Meat Industry* label, continually pumping out great industrial/ambient/neo-classical/etc material. This one I got whilst briefly writing for *Goth Nation* magazine about five years ago. Ah, free music.

11/ *Error - Nothing's working*

The main songwriter here apparently produced a *Pink* album around about the same time as pumping out this pearler. Though I initially heard of him (name of Atticus Ross) by way of his involvement in grungey trip-hop group *12 Rounds*, who sadly didn't quite make it to this tape, and are somewhat hard to find these days, sadly.



SIDE B

1/ *Angelspit - Black wine*

Part of the aggressively sex-positive milieu of dark industrial groups I alluded to in the hot tub this weekend just past. I often describe them as Nurse Fetish Industrial, which always gets a bunch of eyebrows in earshot.

2/ *MZ.412 - The winter of mourning*

Another *Cold Meat* group, this one channeling a less politically dark and more spiritually dark vibe than *Institut*. Brilliantly varied and complex to boot. They refer to themselves as 'True Swedish Black Industrial', so an interest in Black Metal doesn't go astray here.

3/ *Angler - The salmon feed at night*

I know nothing about his group, other than the fact that (I think) they're no longer around, and they used to come from Collingwood (I think). Varied, somewhat lonely post-rock (I think).

4/ *Sum O))) & Boris - N.L.T.*

Both groups know how to push the distortion, especially the former. I saw them both last year, and my ear plugs never felt more dear. They know how to control Noise into something solid. This is off the only album they ever did together.

5/ *Suicide - Che*

They invented synth pop in the early 70s in the shadow of Andy Warhol's Factory, lived on the streets, suffered the anger of punks in the late 70s who couldn't understand two guys, a synth and a drum machine. Axes, bricks and more were thrown at them. They loved it - they fed off the anger. This is the last track off their first album.

6/ *Sir - Washed up*

Another Melbourne group, friends of *The Sinking Citizenship*, who sort of work like a piano bar version of *Suicide* with the down to earth depression of *Arab Strap*. This is off their first album, well before the divorce of the two main members.

7/ *Coco Rosie - Milk*

Heart wrenchingly passionate odd trip-hop, this track is really only a tiny taste (space permitted no more). I love a band that can make me cry so easily.

8/ *The Grey Daturas & Andy Jackson - Cuban resistance*

I used to live with Andy, and I now regard him as one of the most talented, yet humble person I know. The *Daturas* are a great example of what happens when Metal discovers texture, much like on track 4.

9/ *Wolf Eyes - Village oblivia*

Simple, effective Noise. The night I saw them a couple of years ago was one of the most beautiful and painful nights I can remember, for many varied reasons. Same label as *A Frames*, too.

10/ *Merzbow - Crack groove*

This may destroy your speakers. He's released hundreds of Japanoize albums since the early 80s, and he isn't slowing down. Absolutely mad, painful, and... well, that's him on the cover.

Enjoy...

Love 'n hugs 'n geekery,
John



POWER WITHOUT GLORY, KID

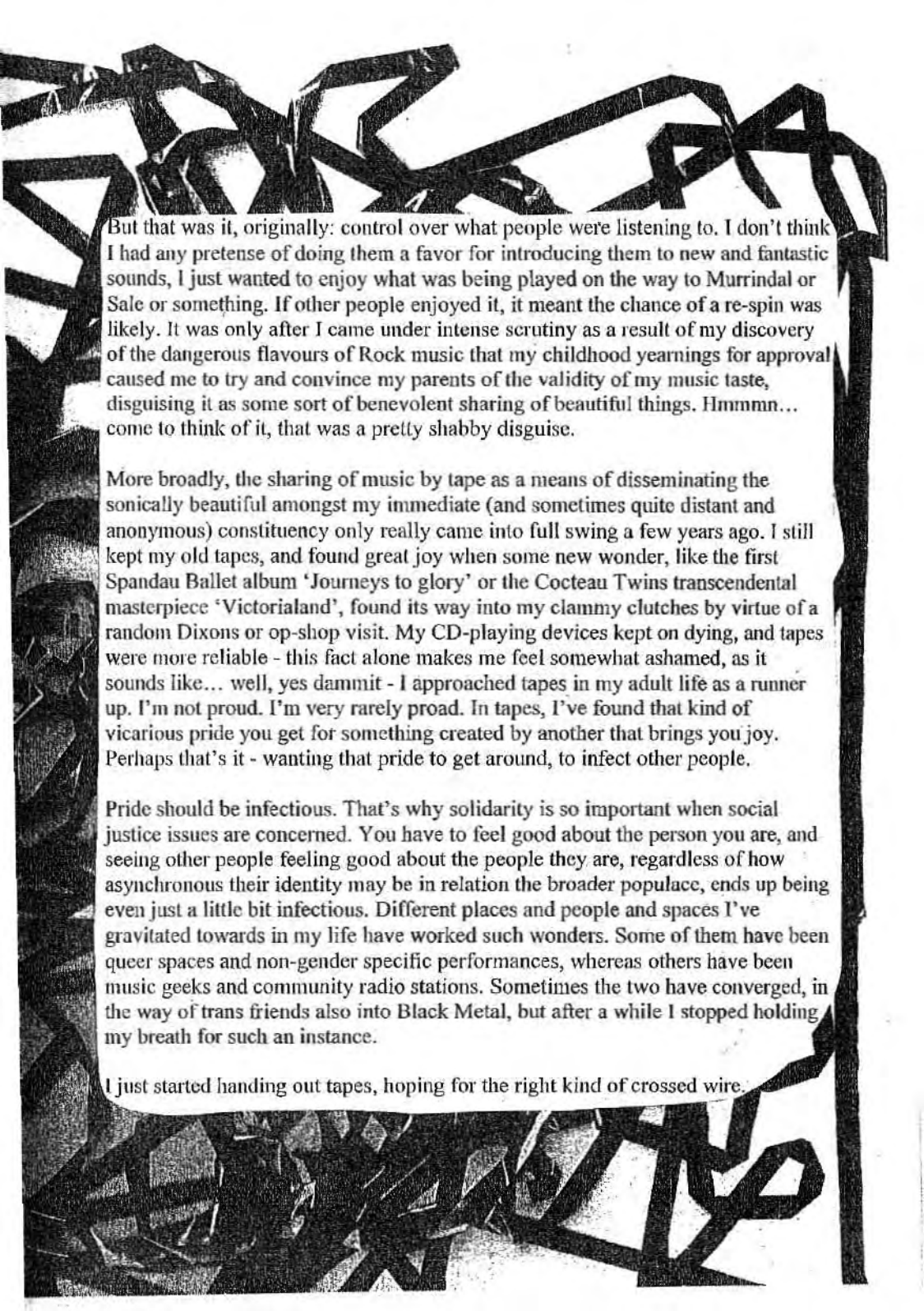
But where's the nobility? Where's the ideology? In any vain, yet determined, life pursuit, you have to find an inner logic; in that, you have to find something to calm yourself. You'll need to calm yourself. Paranoia sets in early, even before the first transaction. Strip yourself back, and start using the box for soap again. You need soap. Hygiene is important. People won't accept strange packages from you if you stink. There have been many times where I have stunk. Strip away... do some cleaning... think about the why and so forth. Opening a window is a good start, I suppose.

When I was young (not sure how young... people keep telling me I look young, which makes me laugh... then cry on the inside), I used to try and control the family holidays in my own little way with what little music I could botch together.

MIX-TAPE FAUX-PAS #2: The 'ad-hoc approach is only meaningful if you have more options at your disposal.

People can smell it. I mean, someone might buy the idea, and you might have someone idolising your eccentric taste, but after a while you'll have to confess: all you had left was the original theme music to the PC version of 'Worms'. It's a good song, but it doesn't necessarily go with one of the short untitled tracks from the second Oasis album, '(What's the story) Morning glory?' (An important album to me for reasons so special I'm willing to withstand the shame of being dubbed a prattish Oasis junkie instead of allowing people to know the full story... Maybe in a latter issue... maybe).

Sometimes I'd skate the line; I'd go from a heavy Dire Straits hit like 'Heavy Fuel', then skate into my (at the time) only Type O Negative track, 'Love you to death (video edit)' (it came from the 'Blood' PC game bonus CD... at the time, I was still mainly on movie soundtracks and Oasis). The song is pretty, but it's also full of low-tuned guitar fx and chant-like depth in the vocals (sonic depth, not lyrical). And my family... well, I'm sure the term 'the devil's music' got bandied around when I was out of earshot. Definitely the following year. Damn... fuckin' internal tears.



But that was it, originally: control over what people were listening to. I don't think I had any pretense of doing them a favor for introducing them to new and fantastic sounds, I just wanted to enjoy what was being played on the way to Murrindal or Sale or something. If other people enjoyed it, it meant the chance of a re-spin was likely. It was only after I came under intense scrutiny as a result of my discovery of the dangerous flavours of Rock music that my childhood yearnings for approval caused me to try and convince my parents of the validity of my music taste, disguising it as some sort of benevolent sharing of beautiful things. Hmmm... come to think of it, that was a pretty shabby disguise.

More broadly, the sharing of music by tape as a means of disseminating the sonically beautiful amongst my immediate (and sometimes quite distant and anonymous) constituency only really came into full swing a few years ago. I still kept my old tapes, and found great joy when some new wonder, like the first Spandau Ballet album 'Journeys to glory' or the Cocteau Twins transcendental masterpiece 'Victorialand', found its way into my clammy clutches by virtue of a random Dixons or op-shop visit. My CD-playing devices kept on dying, and tapes were more reliable - this fact alone makes me feel somewhat ashamed, as it sounds like... well, yes dammit - I approached tapes in my adult life as a runner up. I'm not proud. I'm very rarely proud. In tapes, I've found that kind of vicarious pride you get for something created by another that brings you joy. Perhaps that's it - wanting that pride to get around, to infect other people.

Pride should be infectious. That's why solidarity is so important when social justice issues are concerned. You have to feel good about the person you are, and seeing other people feeling good about the people they are, regardless of how asynchronous their identity may be in relation the broader populace, ends up being even just a little bit infectious. Different places and people and spaces I've gravitated towards in my life have worked such wonders. Some of them have been queer spaces and non-gender specific performances, whereas others have been music geeks and community radio stations. Sometimes the two have converged, in the way of trans friends also into Black Metal, but after a while I stopped holding my breath for such an instance.

I just started handing out tapes, hoping for the right kind of crossed wire.

27/4/2008

Dear Michael,

Phew, only took a few months of pondering, then a couple of weeks of thinking, a couple of days of actually making the damn thing, and now... a couple of hours of writing out a good letter to chuck with it. And... this'll be the first thing I'll be typing on my tiny tiny laptop. Still not sure whether the keyboard is RSI inducing after all. Zilla, one of my lovers who is really quite sensible, seems to think so... so... yes. Perhaps. Ask me again in a few months.

Okay, now I'll try to tell you a little about each track:

SIDE A

1/Medicine - Christmas song

These folk are most well known for their cameo in The Crow, but I didn't really sink my fangs into 'em until I started collecting all the songs on the Doom Generation soundtrack. Seen as being America's best addition to the shoegazer thing of the late 80s/early 90s, and thus died when grunge absorbed, overtook, and, in itself, died.

2/Joyless - Isn't it nice?

I still think they sound like The Mouldy Peaches. Sort of. Ah, but in truth, they're a Norwegian "Misanthropic Pop" band that comprises mostly members of Forgotten Woods, a Black Metal group with a certain 70s pop rock twang.

3/Ghinzu - The dragster-wave

Gold. Pure, fucking gold. Hailing from Belgium, and yet to get properly discovered outside of Western Europe, I managed to find out about 'em whilst doing a radio show for JoyFM. Their 2nd album 'Blow' (which this is off) wound up in the world music show's pigeon hole, and they thought I'd get more use out of it. Gold. Gold...

4/Angler - Guts

Apparently they got quite well known in the mid 90s, but after this, their 2nd album, they seemed to drift away. Very eclectic stuff. Local group, too. Instrumental rock/country/blah brilliance that lacks a sense of ego that tends to prop up in post-rock these days. But I love post-rock, so... I can forgive quite easily.

5/Ours To Destroy - Plastic sparkles

This one went STRAIGHT to my pigeon hole and made me smile a lot.

Alternative (anti-?)folk from Canada, I believe. I seem to be appreciating accoustic guitars more these days... I blame Swans mostly, but these guys share a bit of the blame too.

6/Whore - City of angels

Ahhh, the \$2 boxes of CDs at Dixons... brilliant. Sort of experimental noise-jazz that likes to sound murky 'n sludgy quite often, whilst not precluding the gorgeous wailing sax. Great way to be anti-socil round the tape player.

7/Neutral Milk Hotel - Song against sex

From their first album, which pales in comparison to their second, it's still special. Hard to know how to paint the picture of this group... but, well, they have horns 'n more distortion than most speakers can handle, and a very passive delivery, considering the piles of pith in the lyrics.

8/Big Black - Tiny, king of the Jews

Proto-industrial rock from the 80s that loved to offend as many people as they could, whilst getting louder and louder as they went on. This is from their second and final full-length album, 'Songs about fucking', which was ranked as one of the top 5 noisiest albums ever.

9/A Frames - Eva Braun

Oh-hoho... fuck! These guys can have all my unborn. Course, I don't want kids... um, hopefully they'll appreciate the gesture, though. Channeling Cabaret Voltaire through contemporary noise-rock, allowing the sense of humour evident in so much late 70s industrial to hang around too.

10/12 Rounds - Hesitate

Jazzy grungey sorta band that became more trip-hoppy later on, I... I had a hard time thinking of the right one for these guys. Space constrictions meant my choice was too limited, but I hope you get the gist anyway.

11/The Sisters Of Mercy - Adrenochrome

Apparently these guys were stealing from Crispy Ambulance all over the shop, but I've still yet to be in a position to verify this. Less maudlin than their later efforts, but still goth enough to sate the death-rockers. Love it.

12/Schadenfreude - Top shoes

I was very very very briefly in this band... as a keyboardist... way, way out of practice, and lacking any sense of rhythm. Oh well. Still, awesome live band, with a big love of 80s Aussie new romantics like The Church and Icehouse. Great hair, too.

SIDE B

1/Slowdive - Souvlaki space station

Shoegazing is a wonderful thing. Did that psych-rock thing of making the studio an extra instrument, and allowed everything to swirl around a while without letting you focus too heavily on anything in particular.

2/Espers - Widow's weed

Sorta neo psych-folk-rock, I guess. One of the many bands a similarly shy 'n music-geeky friend from uni introduced me to a coupla years ago, after discovering that I had a music show. I like this kind of beautiful madness, I do.

3/Death In June - In sacrilege

Invented Industrial Folk way back in the early 80s, and wavers between Leonard Cohen-esque wavery ballads and heavily layered noise tracks, this falls somewhat closer to the latter, but not completely attached.

4/Anathema - Judgement

Their lyrics are clingy, their songs occasionally too structured, but often their just so damn polished 'n brilliant 'n Floydian in a way that makes me wish I could cuddle up with them for days away from the whole damn world, and forget the stigma associated with angst, and allow myself to believe it was that simple.

5/Brendan Perry - Voyage of Bran

The half of Dead Can Dance that I tend to lean towards, this guy has, in my mind, one of the most beautiful voices I've ever heard, accompanied with an admirable inclusion of a terribly wide variety of instruments in so many of his neo-classical pieces. I like not knowing the instruments I'm listening to.

6/Antimatter - Mr White

A side-project of a couple of the guys from Anathema, this group wavered between acoustic dark-rock and trip-hop, often doing both quite well. But, as with Anathema, they're best sampled one-on-one... they may kill the mood at the key party.

7/Dif Juz - Hu

I love 4AD. First I discovered This Mortal Coil, then Cocteau Twins, then... well, everything else has been gold. These guys, hailing from the early-mid 80s, are the most recent discovery, laying a lot of the groundwork for many alternative instrumental bands that followed quite a while after they disbanded.

8/Ukiyo-e - Anjouan

Sydney based instrumental group that I know practically nothing about. Sorry. I think they're from Sydney, and I chuck tracks from this album on nearly every first-off-to-bat mix-tape I make. I like spreading secrets like this.

9/The Drivers Eyes - Early One Morning

Ya know, I never liked Western music that much, aside from Spaghetti Western soundtracks, until this group. Admittedly, they've got quite a Nick Cave twang... sigh, there's that word again. Oh well. I first heard them four years ago, finally saw them three years ago, and then... well, that's really not important.

10/Tarnation - Lonely lights

This group cemented my love of Angsty Western music. In case you're wondering, Tarnation is Texan for Damnation (think 'Tarnal tarnation!', ie: Eternal damnation... yep, that's some clever blasphem'n' right there).

11/Crow - Kilkeel

You may well have heard these guys, but they're brilliant, and you should hear them again. And yes, that is Warren Ellis going mad in the background. Go Warren, you hairy bastard. You rock. The vocalist, Peter Fenton, was the lead in the Aussie movie 'Praise' about 9 years ago.

Well, that's it for now. Go on. Turn it over and start again, then be really harsh on it. Then step back. Then, perhaps, have a cup of tea and forget about it. Then... well, it's up to you.

Love, John



PENELOPE

21/12/07

NO

SIDE A

- 1/LOCTEAU TWINS - DONIMO
- 2/GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMBROIDER - ~~STORM~~ STORM
- 3/MOHWAI - MOHWAI FEAR SATAN

SIDE B

- 1/DIRTY THREE - I REMEMBER A TIME WHEN ONCE YOU USED TO LOVE ME
- 2/SUNN O))) + BORIS - THE SINKING BELLE (BLUE SHEEP)
- 3/LAURA - ARIADNE
- 4/SIGUR RÖS - MILANO
- 5/THIS MORTAL COIL - A SINGLE WISH
- 6/SILVER RAY - NO NEED TO CRY NOW
- 7/EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY - YOUR HAND IN MINE

THE MEDIUM IS THE MOTIVE

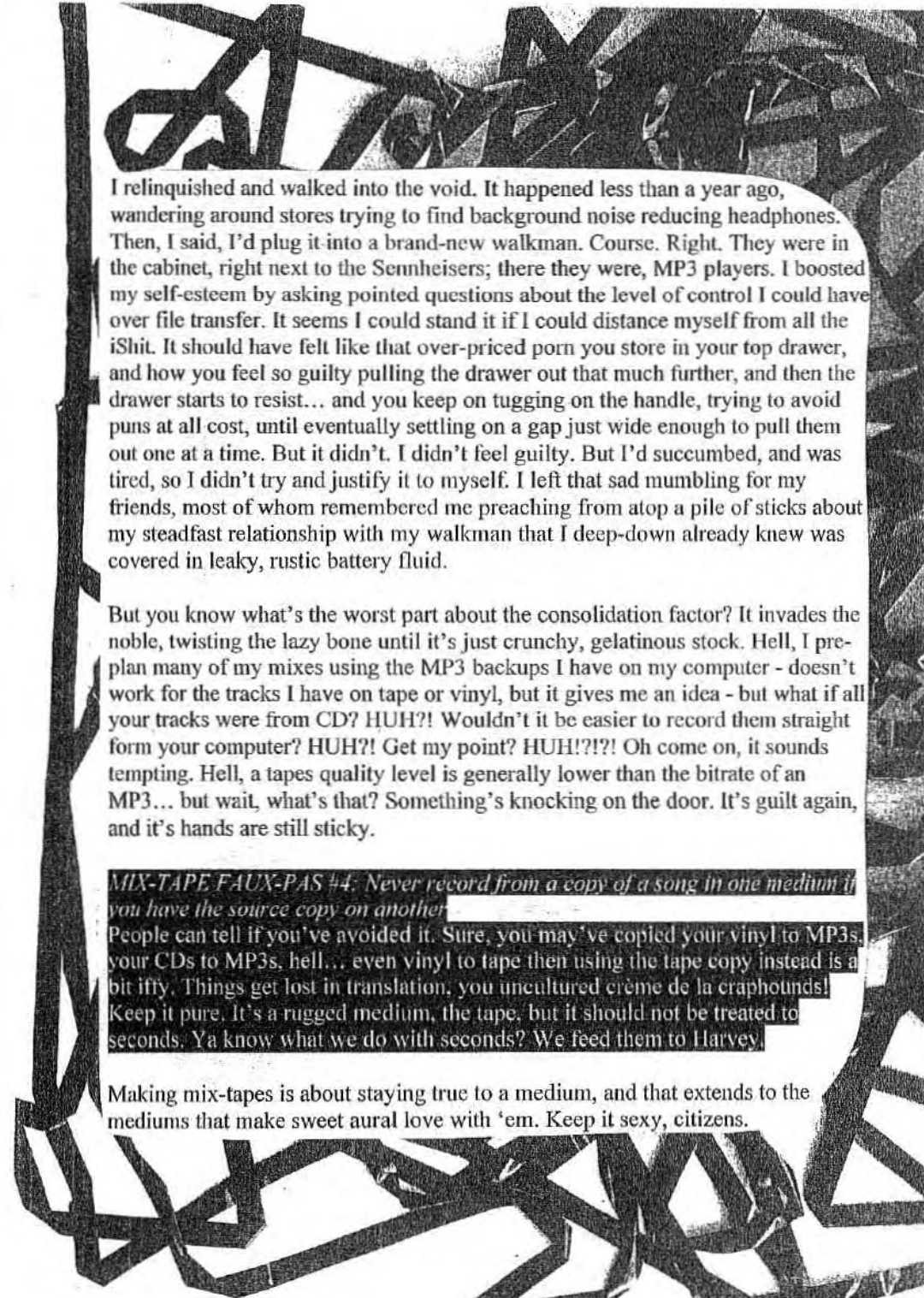
The way we receive information affects everything. Any new way to keep in touch with whatever the hell keeps your head ticking through it's own twisted form of calm is a big thing. You stare at the machine, almost randomly pressing buttons, turning knobs that you hope won't break it or, at least, ruin the illusion. For the first little while - days, weeks, though often time blurs with the rest of the non-automated doldrums - you are the servant of something you technically own. Kind of like that parasite that looked so cute in the pet store, suckering up to that rabbit carcass with the other cling-ons.

And with every new device, more things get consolidated. That's the arse, citizens. Too many damn naïve colonialists; them damn 'great white hopes'. CDs could supposedly out-quality vinyl, laugh at the rugged screws of tapes, and hold an entire reference section of text. Good god, wouldn't that have been great? Yeah, fucking great.

Course, e-books, laserdiscs, DVDs... all that. CDs linger, but only at the beck and call of the MP3 player, that marvelous invention that's helping us all to forget such throw-away concepts as fidelity, conversations, and the strength of unmuffled sound coming from ear buds. Ferfucksake, get some muffled headphones. Hell, get some fuckin' earmuffs - just steal 'em from the handlebar of the lawnmower, grease retained - and chuck 'em over the top. Mix-tapes, you could say, are *also* all about inflicting your anti-social taste in music on others, but hey, consider this: IT'S CONTROLLED! That's why they're treasures! Geez... burn a CD, get all misty eyed at your faux-nostalgia and get the fuck over it already, ya digital arse-wipe.

MIX-TAPE FAUX-PAS #3: No, a CDR is NEVER a substitute.

This hurts to write this. A fellow music nerd gave me piles of CDRs, and there was love. But this must just be some form of cultural dissonance. In making mix-tapes, we have realised how much of the past we're channeling, and we become more aware of the present, and even more of what the future is holding in it's talons. CDRs are as to mix-tapes what word processors were to typewriters, what typewriters where to fountain pens, what fountain pens were to quills, and so on. They're easier. Ya don't do mix-tapes 'cause they're easy. Remember that.



I relinquished and walked into the void. It happened less than a year ago, wandering around stores trying to find background noise reducing headphones. Then, I said, I'd plug it into a brand-new walkman. Course. Right. They were in the cabinet, right next to the Sennheisers; there they were, MP3 players. I boosted my self-esteem by asking pointed questions about the level of control I could have over file transfer. It seems I could stand it if I could distance myself from all the iShit. It should have felt like that over-priced porn you store in your top drawer, and how you feel so guilty pulling the drawer out that much further, and then the drawer starts to resist... and you keep on tugging on the handle, trying to avoid puns at all cost, until eventually settling on a gap just wide enough to pull them out one at a time. But it didn't. I didn't feel guilty. But I'd succumbed, and was tired, so I didn't try and justify it to myself. I left that sad mumbling for my friends, most of whom remembered me preaching from atop a pile of sticks about my steadfast relationship with my walkman that I deep-down already knew was covered in leaky, rustic battery fluid.

But you know what's the worst part about the consolidation factor? It invades the noble, twisting the lazy bone until it's just crunchy, gelatinous stock. Hell, I pre-plan many of my mixes using the MP3 backups I have on my computer - doesn't work for the tracks I have on tape or vinyl, but it gives me an idea - but what if all your tracks were from CD? HUH?! Wouldn't it be easier to record them straight from your computer? HUH?! Get my point? HUH?!?! Oh come on, it sounds tempting. Hell, a tapes quality level is generally lower than the bitrate of an MP3... but wait, what's that? Something's knocking on the door. It's guilt again, and it's hands are still sticky.

MIX-TAPE FAUX-PAS #4: Never record from a copy of a song in one medium if you have the source copy on another.

People can tell if you've avoided it. Sure, you may've copied your vinyl to MP3s, your CDs to MP3s, hell... even vinyl to tape then using the tape copy instead is a bit iffy. Things get lost in translation, you uncultured crème de la crapbouds! Keep it pure. It's a rugged medium, the tape, but it should not be treated to seconds. Ya know what we do with seconds? We feed them to Harvey.

Making mix-tapes is about staying true to a medium, and that extends to the mediums that make sweet aural love with 'em. Keep it sexy, citizens.

LONG-Y / 22/12/07

SIDE A

- 1/SKEPTICISM-UNTITLED
- 2/OPETH-DELIVERANCE
- 3/MORGION-SHE, THE MASTER (OVER
- 4/CATHEDRAL-TEMPLARS ARISE (THE RETURN)

SIDE B

- 1/10.000 MANIACS-PLANNED OBSCULENCE
- 2/CAT POWER - WILLIE DEADWILDER
- 3/THE DANDY WARHOLS - IT'S A
FAST-DRIVING RAVE-UP WITH THE
DANDY WARHOLS SIXTEEN MINUTES
- 4/~~LIVE'S ADDITIONAL TUNING FOR~~
DEPECHE MODE-EVERYTHING (OUNK
(REPRISE)

OVER THE SPOOLS AND FAR AWAY pt.2 or I REALLY HATE MYSELF AND I THINK I WANT TO DIE

There is no fucking faux-pas. This exchange of musical love is beautiful, no matter what the mistakes. I'm canonizing it, wishing I could aspire to the heights of the Gato Loco crew, and just damn shine. Lars Von Trier couldn't do it, so why the hell am I trying to be dogmatic?

Here's where my agnosticism comes to the fore. Don't even start. I'm so damn wishy-washy, it's taken me forever to throw this zine together. All this hatred and love, mixed in a blender, and caught up with tape. Lots and lots of tape

This isn't a cry for help - the title's just a reference to the original title of in-utero by Nirvana, but due to the nature of the ref, I can't leave it unflagged. People will find me, and they will know.

This is just a conclusion. Whether it'll lead to another issue is, well... it's irrelevant. Don't take this zine personally. Just share music, if you can. Share. Bring a community together with tape, and keep on inflicting this community wherever you can. Make that spiderweb grow. Hang on to those tapes. Keep insisting that your stereo has two tape decks. Spread the obscurity.

Spool the love.

Don't take this seriously.

Pause.

Record.

Distribute.

Deal.

Later.

SIDE A	SIDE B
1: Aples, Twin - I	1: Melrose - Candles in the rain
2: Engineers - Peter Street	2: Pink Floyd - Pigs on the wing (Part one)
3: Wolf Eyes - Crime burn	3: The Human League - Get Carter
4: Napalm Death - Dead	4: My Bloody Valentine - Touching
5: 7777 - I will never forget the look in your eyes the first you saw me jerking off at you on the dancefloor, yeah	5: The Jesus and Mary Chain - Taste of Candy
6: Ours To Destroy - 50 steps closer to evil	6: The Southern Death Cult - Crow
7: Nine Inch Nails - Big man with a gun	7: Pussy Divident - C.S.E.
8: The Shins - Shamsu	8: The Boys Next Door - Russian Russian
9: The Futureheads - Trying not to talk about time	9: Big Black - L.Dopa
10: Red Hot Chili Peppers - Pua	10: Non Intentional Lifeform - Die (before E)
11: Effigy - Animal skin	11: System Of A Down - Bounce
12: Jesus's Addiction - Thank you boys	12: Credit Of Falls - Death scenes ripping
13: The Smashing Pumpkins - 17	13: Aloyse Hate - The victory is ours
14: The Stone Roses - Elizabeth my love	14: Fuck... I'm Dead - Colca escarabajo
15: Yarnation - Gentle creatures	15: Vaginal Cabbage - Baby crusher
16: Diable Amoureux - The very merry month of June	16: Swans - Frost
17: Death Is Just - Hello angel	17: Throbbing Gristle - Blood on the floor
18: Die Through Road - The last time I touch you	18: Akusticos - Black animals
19: Sir - I know	19: This Mental Coll - D13 and E
20: Neutral Milk Hotel - Communist daughter	20: M2.412 - Nebula from
21: Anathema - Oodly's cruel world	21: Arcus - The song of perpetration
22: Tori Amos - Mr Zebra	22: Tortoise - Simulacrum
23: Antony and The Johnsons - What can I do?	23: Angels - Flesh offered on to a flame
24: The Dandy Warhols - The Dandy Warhols love almost everyone	24: Whore - The optimist
25: Yeah Yeah Yeahs - Mezz	25: Ilusion D'Arte - Through no means perfect
26: The Velvet Underground - This is the story of my life	26: Burzum - The crying eye
27: 12 Rounds - Joyous	27: Cocoon Riser - Milk
28: Crow - Big idea	28: Signe Ros - Talk...
29: Marilyn Manson - Scars, guns and peasant leather	29: Laura - Lo carrier (Reprise)
30: Slayer - Delirious of Christ	30: The Brian Jonestown Massacre - Stolen
31: Cannibal Corpse - Disembowel and molest	31: The Wolfgang Press - Electric song
32: Devo - Hallel back	32: Fobia - Horrible
33: Elio - Killen knife	33: The Sleepy Jackson - Fill me with apples
	34: Tool - Lipos sucking



